

# JOHNNY WRITES AS FOLLOWS :-



new york—this is the grate seeson of the yere for the park handholders to pull intwo the frunt parlor & let dad roost in the kitchin or hang out at the kornor grocery, for its too blamed cold for willie & susie to do there korting in the moonlite which aint in it with a good stove for producing heat.

In purty neer evry house where there is a gurl you can betcher life there is a standing list of fellers looking for a nice warm plase to spend the winter evning without haveling to chip up a bunch of loose change for it.

sundy afternoon mrs luther shultz comed over to chin with my ma & they had the parlor because it was purty nice and warm outdoors & sis and her latest feller was beatting it around town to show there glad rags off to others who was trying to do the same stunt thereselfs too.

ma says to mrs shultz is your gurl lena still running around with that freddie barnum yet.

no, replys mrs shultz, she aint going with him no more.

my goodness, is that a fack, why i thought he was hanging to her like a mustard plaster, whats the matter, asked my ma.

i coodent understand, said mrs shultz, freddie came over neerly evry nite for 3 weeks & we thought it was about time to look up the preecher but now its all off i gess.

what cood have been the matter, did they have a kwarrel.

o, no, nothing like that, he just stopped coming.

for no reeson atall, ma inkwired o, yes, he had a reeson alrite, but i dont know weather it was because he had herd all the grafafone records we had or because pa axidently let the fire go out 2 nites that freddie called & maybe he has found a gurl with new records and a steemheated flat.

## NEVER AGAIN

Robinson was one of those really good-natured souls who are always ready to lend a hand to a pal in distress.

One day, as he was pegging along on his bicycle down a narrow country road, he came across a man holding a ram by the horns.

"Hello!" cried Robinson. "Can I help?"

"I should be much obliged," replied the other, "if you'd hold this ram just while I get that gate over there open."

"Certainly," replied Robinson; and, dismounting, he boldly seized the ram by the horns.

"Thanks, awfully," said the stranger, now on the other side of the gate. "The brute attacked me more than an hour ago, and I've been struggling with him ever since. So long, old chap! Hope you'll be as lucky as I was!"—Top-Notch.

## TODAY'S BELLRINGER

Sir Herbert Tree, the eminent English actor, who recently visited the United States, told this story at a banquet in New York:

A Scotch stage manager sent two stage hands up in the wings armed with big brown paper bags full of confetti to create a snow scene. At the climax the snow dwindled.

"Whaur's the snow?" cried the anxious manager.

"All the white paper gone," whispered back the stage hands.

"Then snow broon, ye idiots!" called the Scotchman, "snow-broon!"